Wichita Eagle

A BELLED BUCK'S ANGER.

He Gave a Hunter a Lively Job to Kill Him.

In the early days of Alabama a family of Johnsons lived a few miles from Decatur. Two of the boys, Ben and Billy, became famous hunters in that region. They were deep in all wiles of woodcraft, and had many a cunning scheme to secure game.

At different times they captured does when quite young, and after raising them so as to thoroughly domesticate them would bell a doe in the mating season and turn her loose. She would quite frequently be followed back to the house by several bucks. The bell gave warning of the approach, and the brothers would then lie in ambush and shoot the bucks.

Once they captured a male fawn and reared him to stalwart buckhood. He was a splendid fellow, as gentle as a kitten and more useful than a dog, for he could be belled in the mating season and would find a doe every day, which the brothers would shoot in the morning. One morning Ben heard the bell out on the mountain and started to find it. On coming in sight the buck was seen by the side of a fine doe. The hunter killed her and stepped forward to skin and dress the meat.

He had always been in the habit of proceeding in this way and, apprehending no trouble whatever, neglected to reload his gun. Approaching his game so as to cut her throat and bleed her, he was hindered somewhat by the buck. He gave the animal an impatient push and was in the act of laying hold of the dead dear, when the live one made a vicious lunge at him with his horns.

Ben was taken by surprise and the beast tumbled him over the carcass, but as the buck returned to the charge he sprang up and received it with courage. Seizing the animal by one horn, the hunter began cutting at him. He could not reach a vital part, however, and meantime the brute was wildly dashing through the underbush, bruising Johnson's body and occasionally goring him.

The hunter's case was getting quite desperate. The infuriated brute, with horns and hoofs, had nearly stripped Johnson. The strange antagonists both had numerous wounds and were covered with blood. The deer jerked loose at last and made an awful plunge. Johnson sprang behind a sapling and the deer's horns encircled it.

The hunter instantly seized both horns and held the deer with his nose to the ground. This gave the man a slight advantage, and yet he could not let loose with either hand so as to use his knife, for the mad creature constantly lurched and plunged back and forth.

The best he could do was to hold to the buck's horns until the creature would become exhausted from the loss of blood. But Ben himself was now becoming weak, and he began to call for help. Billy heard him, and, hurrying to his assistance, found Ben and the buck nearly dead. He cut the buck's throat and released the deer hunter from the most perilous position he had ever occupied.—American Rural Home.

INJURIOUS GUSH.

A Mother Who Objects Very Sensibly to the Habit of Kissing Babies.

"I suppose I was very abrupt, and, perhaps, disagreeable," said a mother of two or three pretty children, as they came in from an outing, to a correspondent of a New York paper, "but I assure you I could not help it. There is nothing that occurs to me when I am out with children which annoys me more than to have strangers literally pounce upon the babies and cover their faces with kisses. Of course I would not have common sense if I did not know that they are extra pretty children. I have heard it ever since they were born, and certainly I ought to have learned it by this time. If I didn't know it any other way I should very soon do so from the marked attention they always receive in public, but I will not allow this promiscuous kissing. The woman who annoyed me was a middle-aged person with the most atrocious set of teeth, or rather the remains of them, that I ever saw. Her breath was almost intolerable, even at the distance I stood from her, and I noticed that the baby turned his face away in disgust. Of course, I hated to tell her that I never permitted strangers to kiss the children. All the same I did, and am not sorry.

"It is for this reason, largely, that I go out myself when the children are taken for their airing. I find that nurse girls will not guard them against this danger, and I can't permit them to run the risk of getting all sorts of infectious diseases that I know must come from such a condition of the mouth. People really seem to have not the slightest idea that they are guilty of a rudeness in offering to kiss other people's children; but I consider it such, notwithstanding the fact that I know I am expected to take it as a compliment.

"I assure you, however, that I would rather such compliments were omitted altogether. I will not engage a nurse girl with poor teeth or offensive breath, or one who has any disease of the lungs, throat or head. I don't think it's safe to do so, and therefore I make the most rigid inquiries in this respect; and good health and a clean mouth are among the imperative demands when I engage my servants."—Chicago Herald.

Satisfactory Explanation.

A tramp with his arm in a sling called on Mr. Manhatten Beach for a quarter, alleging that his arm had been injured in a recent railroad accident.

"But yesterday you had your other arm in a sling," said Mr. Beach.

"Well, suppose I had; don't you think a feller's arm gets tired of being tied up all day? Besides, I have got concussion of the brain, and can't remember half the time which arm was broken."—Texas Siftings.

Easy Enough.

Bangle—What! another new vest? Where do you get them all?

Peterkin—My room-mate is off on a vacation.—Judge.

A "HAS-BEEN."

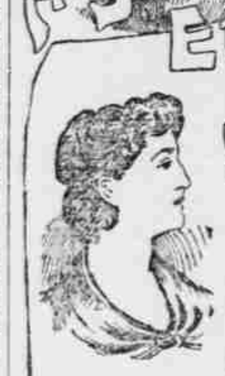
He held a score of millions
Grasped in his bony hand;
He dreamed that future billions
Would come at his command;
Men rushed to try their luck as
The ventures he was in:—
Now, he's not worth a ducat,
A broken, old "Has-been!"

What hint of fortune's hour
Lies in that faded coat?
Who'd dream that words of power
Came from that withered throat?
But, ah, who dares deride him,
Or mock his low estate?
We're proud to walk beside him
And say: "That man was great."

Wealth, though we may pursue it,
Yields but a brief success;
We gain a final *fuit*,
A permanent address:
A polished shaft of granite
Is all that we may win;
We vanish from the planet—
"Here lies—" a great Has-been.

—Harry Romaine, in New England Magazine.

A Saratoga Etching



[Original.]

I WILL picture Ned Brownell, and then for the story: He is a tall, athletic young fellow and anything but bad looking; an artist—you could tell that in an instant from the velvet coat and the tam-o-shanter he invariably wears when lounging, and his being a great friend of Mark Hazard—as you can judge by his first letter, that which caused all the trouble.

"SARATOGA, N. Y., Aug. 15, 1891.

"MARK, OLD MAN:

"Yes; I have been here almost a month without writing. Forgive me, old fellow; you surely will when I tell you . . . She is an angel! Such eyes! Such a mouth! Such a presence! And *such* hair! And she has let me sketch her!

"We met at the ball given at the Grand Union for the visiting tennis players who are holding a convention here. She is stopping with the Lyon's at their beautiful cottage on East Broadway. By the way, you wrote that the future Mrs. Hazard expects to visit friends here. Mark, I am devoured with curiosity. You adroit old sneak; you never said a word about meeting her in Jacksonville, and I your chum! And now you have not told me her name! Is she anything like Phœbe Weeden, I wonder? I hope she is, old boy.

"You know that I am at the Sanitarium: and you know how the people revel in private theatricals. They were always a bore to me, but now! Well, I am leading man in our company, and well-nigh crazy on the subject—you can guess why: Phœbe Weeden plays my better half in a piece we are rehearsing.

"AUG. 18, 1891.

"MARK, OLD MAN—I pick this up and continue where I left off three days ago. I was interrupted and went off to Mitchell's Glen, and Phœbe Weeden was one of the party. We two got separated from the others when we reached the glen somehow, and Mark—I proposed—I couldn't help it!

"And she said I might hope!

"Can't you come down for a few days? I won't fear rivalry from your good looks now, as I might have done a week ago; and you say that your future bride may be here, too.

"Your chum, NED.

"P. S. — Here is a rough sketch of her. Oh! that I were one of the old masters so I could do my model justice, instead of your old chum, whose pictures are skyed at the expositions and only find purchasers among his friends. N."

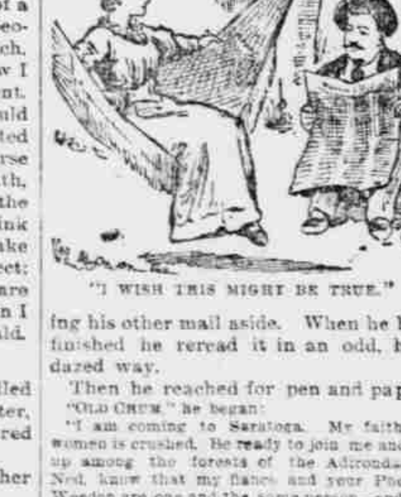
The letter reached Philadelphia in due time and was in Mark Hazard's mail on the afternoon of the twentieth. He was sitting at his desk in his downtown law office, in a pleasant frame of mind, smoking a fragrant cigar.

He opened Ned's letter first.

In doing so the inclosed sketch fluttered to the floor, and this he picked up, regarding the face that smiled at him from it with a start of real surprise.

The little limning was sweet and girlish, frank and winning. The pictured hair was sunset-yellow in its shading: the dress, a simple white one.

He began the letter eagerly, thrusting his other mail aside. When he had finished he reread it in an odd, half dazed way.



"I WISH THIS MIGHT BE TRUE."

Then he reached for pen and paper.

"OLD CHUM," he began:

"I am coming to Saratoga. My faith in women is crushed. Be ready to join me and go up among the forests of the Adirondacks. Ned, know that my fiance and your Phœbe Weeden are one and the same person—and try to hate her.

"Your old friend, MARK."

That was all.

Then he rung a bell at his side and a merry-faced boy appeared.

"Take this to the post office," he said.

"Yes, sir," and the boy received the addressed letter and disappeared.

With a sigh Mark Hazard again took up the pen and wrote another painful note, then left the office.

Two days later he was a passenger on the evening train which rumbled into Saratoga.

We will follow the incidents just as they happened. That morning's Saratogian had, among its other society news, this item, which deals with our dramatis personæ:

"The performance, by amateurs, of the bright farce, 'A Box of Monkeys,' at the Sanitarium last evening was one of the most successful and pleasing social events of the season. Lack of space prevents our giving a full account of the entertainments or justly praises the actors individually. *On dit:* By the way two of the gifted amateurs who played leading parts are to be married at the end of the season."

In the fine grounds environing the Lyon cottage, beneath two sturdy apple trees, Ned Brownell and Phœbe Weeden chatted in the gathering twilight, she sitting smiling at him from a hammock, he on the cushion at her feet, the morning paper in his hand.

He had not flattered her in the sketch he mailed to his friend. To-night she wore a graceful tennis costume; the tip of one little rubber-soled slipper just swayed the hammock gently to and fro; a red silk scarf was knotted loosely at her neck.

"I wish you would say that this might be true," he spoke to her, low and earnestly.

He was referring to the last of the little newspaper items. He had read and reread it a score of times that day.

She pretended not to hear him.

He persisted.

"It seems as though we had known each other for years."

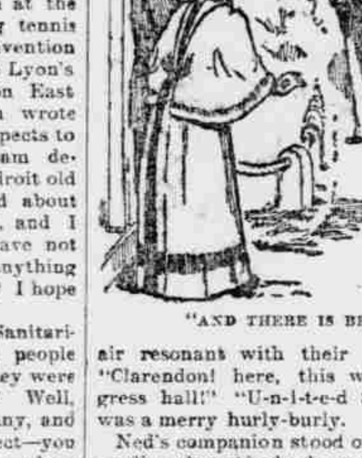
"But it has only been weeks," she interposed, looking away.

Then she asked: "Is it not time to start?"

"I had forgotten all about the train," he acknowledged, drawing out his watch. "But we have time to reach the station."

They left the apple trees and strolled toward the street. They reached the little station as a train rushed into it and the passengers came out and on the walk lined by the many busses and hacks waiting there.

There were bustling young collegians in striped caps; large families, each under the generalship of a tired-looking pater-familias; bevies of young ladies with stern-faced chaperones, and smiling young couples, perhaps on their honey-moon trip; and invalids a very few; it was hard to pick them out. The hack and bus men made the



"AND THERE IS BEE."

air resonant with their harsh cries: "Clarendon! here, this way!" "Congress hall!" "U-n-i-t-e-d States!" It was a merry hurly-burly.

Ned's companion stood on tiptoe regarding the arrivals; he scanned them from his vantage in inches, face by face, and protected her from the crush as much as he was able.

Mark Hazard, handsome and commanding in presence, came out of the station door and moved on toward them. Ned had not got his letter—forgotten and very much crumpled it still remained in Jimmie Nolan's pocket—and he would be quite surprised to see him. Then there was a lively little woman behind Mark Hazard and just separated from him by two very idiotic-appearing young gentlemen of the genus dude; a trim, polite figure in a brown traveling dress and nobby, brown turban. She had a peculiarly sunny smile and a friendly twinkle of eye.

One of the tall-collared young men somehow dropped his cane and the next moment she had slid up beside Mark Hazard, as the cane was being recovered. Then Ned Brownell espied Mark Hazard, and exclaimed:

"If there isn't my chum!"

And his pretty charge cried:

"There's my little mother, and she is nearly swallowed up by the crowd."

Mark Hazard looked down at his side as a musical voice greeted him:

"To think you and I have been riding all the afternoon on the same train and that neither knew that the other was there!" the little woman of the brown traveling dress was rattling on.

"Why," was all he could say.

Then the little lady caught sight of Ned and his *vis-a-vis* and she cried:

"And there is Bee, my little daughter! I knew she would be here to welcome me!"

Mark Hazard was too taken aback to speak for a moment, and he seemed greatly puzzled as he caught sight of Ned and Ned's companion pressing toward him. The young lady with Ned was of a striking resemblance to the merry companion at his right, whose tongue was going so fast he did not know what she was saying—something about: "Bee being with the Lyon's;" "Wrote you I would be here too;" "We will have a splendid time!" and "You will like her because she is like her mother."

But the truth soon dawned upon him. This young lady with Ned was the daughter of whom he had been told when he first met her mother at Jacksonville.

It had never occurred to him that she could be more than a schoolgirl; but then, his sweetheart's first unhappy marriage was a very early one. And Ned was in love with her! Those letters he wrote, where were they? he asked himself. He jumped at the right conclusion about that to Ned; it must—did—come to the other address when its intended receiver was on her happy way there.

There was a merry meeting of the quartette, and Ned said that he never expected that his sedate chum would drop in on him in that skylarkish sort of fashion.

Mark took him into his confidence later about the two letters he wished to recall, but they in time, despite his efforts, reached their destination, and then—well, Ned told me the facts of this little love comedy, and I was permitted to reproduce it, only, of course, substituting fictitious names for those of my friends.

—Lake Palmyra is a part of the Mississippi river at high water, but at present its bottom is dry, with a thin upper crust of dry earth and a deep layer of soft mud. A half-witted negro who tried to walk across to an island broke through the crust. In one day he sank to the waist, and in two days to the neck. On the night of the second day he was pulled out.

SEEN BY THE WAYSIDE.

The mother and boy were waiting for the train in the Albany station. They were very great friends, and were always happy together, although there was nothing to see this time, and they were too tired to make talk.

Presently the dullness was broken by a funny figure of an old woman, in rusty gown, a catskin muff and tippet, and a black bonnet made of as many odds and ends as a magpie's nest. There was a suggestion of sticks and straws about the old lady's bonnet, and her false front was askew. She had a touch of paint on her poor old cheeks, which the grime of the Fitchburg road no way improved. She kept chewing on nothing, working her umbrella, and opening and shutting the other hand in its black glove in the aimless way of old people.

The high-school girls, in their big plumed hats, began to titter and make jokes to each other, watching the old lady far too openly for good manners, or any manners at all.

The young lady in the smart tailor suit who gives readings at Sunday-school concerts smiled back at them and studied the old creature with a satiric eye like Du Maurier's women, evidently getting her by heart for a piquant item of chat. The well dressed, lady-like wife of the first assistant book-keeper in the great grocery firm, drew herself together in tactic disapproval, evidently thanking heaven that she was not as some other women are. The pink rouged cheeks and the rusty lace bonnet made mirth for a roomful.

The boy began to laugh quietly with the rest, in much amusement. "Do look, mother. Isn't she funny? Did you ever see such a sight? Look at her. She keeps mumbling and working her fingers like an old witch."

The mother glanced delicately, and turned her eyes. "Poor lady," she said, softly.

"That scare-crow!" said the boy.

"She hasn't any nice boy to tell her how to dress," said the mother, looking fondly at him.

"I shouldn't like to be her boy," said he, stoutly.

"I'm certain if she had a boy she never would wear such a bonnet. No, she has no nice bonnet or boy."

He was silent, considering.

"When I am an old woman, too worn out to see how I look, I suppose you will make fun of me, and let other people do so," she said humorously, and a little wistfully.

The boy pressed closer to her, protesting. "You never could look like that, if you were ever so old," he cried, under his breath.

"That is because I have you to care for, and make me happy, and tell me what feathers to wear in my bonnet." They smiled at each other, for there had been passages about the very becoming bonnet she wore in which the boy's taste had been referred to.

"If I hadn't you," she went on musingly, "and had lost all my money, but just enough for bread and cheese, and grieved over all I had lost, in money and friends, till my mind was touched, and I lived alone, among queer people, I might look just like that woman. She must have been very nice looking when she was young."

The boy's mouth twitched, as he turned his gaze from the poverty piece, as some of the girls called her, to his comfortable, pleasant mother. The old lady went prowling about, looking for something. A light step was at her side, a cap raised, and a kindly boyish voice asked: "Can I do anything for you, madame?"

"I was looking for some place to buy some checkermints," said the old soul, nodding carelessly and blinking with weak, unpleasant eyes. "I like checkermints if they're Boston bought, but I don't seem to see any, and there used to be a boy with a basket come round in the Fitchburg depot, and I thought maybe I could find him here."

"Shall I get you some at the fruit stall?" said the boy, politely to her, but flashing a glance at the giggling girls, which somehow did not make them feel proud of themselves.

Then the mother watched her boy lead the terrible old woman to the candy stall and stand by her courteously, pointing out this and suggesting the other, till she made her fumbling purchases, and escort her across the hurry ing passage to her seat in the train, out of his own compassionate young heart.

"Boy, dear!" was all she said as he came back to her, but it was breathed in a voice of music, and she looked, as she was, a most happy and fortunate mother. As we sow we reap in our children and their manners.

The boy stood close to his mother, thoughtfully, one hand just striving to caress the folds of her gown. Their train called, he picked up all her parcels anxiously and marched protectingly by her.

"You have got a boy to take care of you," he said, lifting his eyes to hers at the gate.—Shirley Dare, in St. Louis Republic.

Neatness in Girls.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl and if she does not learn it when she is young she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy, to start with, is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort, not so many colors in them; and people don't expect a boy to look so pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty, and her eyes bright, but if there's a spot of dirt on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are black with ink, and her shoes are not laced or buttoned-up, and her apron is dirty, and her collar is not buttoned, and her skirt is torn, she cannot be liked. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it it will almost take care of itself.—Detroit Free Press.

Handsome New Fabrics.

The new French muslins daintily scattered over with embroidery of flowers, are lovely for girls' dancing dresses. The diaphanous fabric is wide enough to reach from waist to feet, with a deep hem besides. The muslin is gathered to the bodice or very lightly draped around the figure, all fullness being kept well to the back. The silk embroidery which patterns the muslin is exquisitely colored and shaded. A design of shaded pink roses and tender green leaves on a very pale pink ground looks quite fairy-like over an underskirt of shell-pink silk. Some of the very expensive India silk muslins are like cobwebs. They are the most exquisite productions of the loom shown this season.—Chicago Post.

Sticking to the Rules.

Customer (to dry goods clerk)—You have called me a liar; you must take that back.

Clerk—We never take anything back. But I can change it for you: how would you like to be called a thief?—Puck.

The Nobility of Motherhood.

The mother who can keep innocent and pure the childhood of her children, who can comprehend and satisfy their needs, direct their mental and moral development and "train them up in the way they should go," may not be deemed worthy of fame as the world metes out that commodity. Fame is, after all, the result of clever self-advertisement in one way and another, and is a cheap and worthless bauble compared to the prize that is won by such a mother. Her children will worship her memory, and in emulating her virtues her influence will reach to eternity itself. She may never even have "She hath done what she could" as her epitaph, but she will have an epitaph in the work she as achieved that will be more lasting than the world's greatest heroes, more divine than was ever written by the most inspired poet.—Chicago Graphic.

Packing Oranges.

The proper way to wrap and pack oranges is to wrap them tightly, twist the paper around the stem, and put them into the box with the bottom layer stems up and all other layers stems down. That is not done by most wrappers and packers, who merely fold the paper beneath the orange, so that when it is taken from the box the wrapper drops off. A champion packer has packed in ten hours eighty-three boxes of oranges, two hundred and twenty six to the box, or eighteen thousand seven hundred and fifty oranges.—N. Y. Sun.

FOOLISH PREJUDICES.

Absurd Notions Concerning the Different Nationalities.

Nothing is more absurd than prejudice. We must judge individuals, not classes. True, the same manner of life, the same amount of ignorance or education, and the influences of climate and custom will cause men to assimilate, but not to such a degree as many appear to suppose. Inwardly, each man is himself, and not one of any class, party or country.

"How absurd, then, to say: Oh, he will do this thing, or be this thing, because he is English. He's a Yankee, and must make wooden nutmegs and swap pen-knives. He is Irish, and has kissed the blarney-stone. He is Scotch, and would skin a flint to save a farthing. He is German, and cares for nothing but lager and pretzels. He is French, and so, of course, without morals. He's Spanish, and must brag. He's an old man, and, of course, spiteful. He's an old bachelor, and hates babies. Or, as strong-minded women declare, a man, and so a tyrant; and quoting the thoughts rather than the words of many men: "A woman, and so something of an idiot."

Now we all know Yankees who are above trickery; we know Irish who prefer abuse to flattery, generous Scotch people, lively Germans, and strictly proper and pious French men and women; excessively humble Spaniards; old maids who are so angelic that no living man is worthy of them; bachelors who devote their spare moments to the nieces and nephews; men whose yielding tenderness, where woman is concerned, is almost a fault; and women who have solid heads and brilliant minds, and power to think and act which men might envy.

Knowing all these exceptions to accepted rules, it is absurd to give them credence even in our speech, and so foster the false feeling engendered by them. It is absurd to hate a man because he belongs to any country or any class, as it would be to detest him because he had a wart on his chin.—N. Y. Ledger.

—"It's a pity that neither of the Budd girls ever married. Even now at thirty-five they are beautiful. How was it?" "They were too beautiful. The men could never make up their minds as to which they preferred."—Harper's Bazar.

—Dram-Attic.—Jinks—"Gallon has taken to play writing." Filkins—"Well, he always was dramatic." Jinks—"How do you make that out?" Filkins—"Why, he spent his last cent he had for a dram and lives in an attic."